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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Reminiscences of a Summer Tour.

FAITHFUL.—What shall we now find our discourse upon?
TALKATIVE.—What you will: I will talk of things heavenly,
or things earthly; things serious or things ludicrous; things
past or things to come; things foreign, or things at home—
provided all be done to our profit.—*Bayard.*

MR. EDITOR:—As the season draws to its close, allow me, in the comparative dearth of legitimate musical criticism that may follow, to gossip, in a random way, of some incidents, partly musical, partly otherwise, that befel me during a brief tour in the Summer of 1853. I must premise that in these chapters, be they more or less, my discourse will of necessity be desultory—setting at defiance, for the most part, all chronological and logical sequence.

Says a distinguished writer: "To an American visiting Europe the brief voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. In my own case suffice it to say, the passage across was after the manner of all voyages on the Atlantic in April, with the usual alternations of wind and calm, azure and cloud, storm and sunshine, and but little of incident to mark the leaden hours of each succeeding day.

To me, indeed, all external circumstances are the same upon the sea: a constant and abiding sense of utter wretchedness is my portion—sea-sickness my inevitable destiny, pervading all times and places—changing all romance into dulllest reality, and merging even the semblance of enjoyment into positive suffering. I find it hard to believe that any landsman ever fully beguiled himself into the idea that he was enjoying his "life on the Ocean wave."

It was early on a Sunday morning when the cry of land was roared out from the deck of the fore-castle. I can imagine, faintly it may be, how that sound once thrilled through every timber of the first ship that came in

sight of an unknown shore, in the merry days of old Christopher Columbus. All day long the low shores of Ireland floated past, so near that one could almost pitch a biscuit to the eager sons of Erin, seen here and there on its shelving banks. A red letter day was this to all. Sea-sickness at last had gone, and in its place came that most delightful sensation of relief and freedom that must needs be felt to be known.

On reaching Liverpool, I heard much of the approaching inauguration of the great Industrial Exhibition of Ireland, and this determined me to make the best of my way to Dublin at once.

I arrived there on the day preceding that of the opening. Every hotel was crowded; and, so I was told, was every nook and cranny besides, of the hospitable old city. I was turning away in despair from the steps of the Imperial Hotel, when the landlord enquired, rather abruptly, with a brogue, if I "might be an American," and, on my replying in the affirmative, assured me that his best room was at my service; "for," said he, "we have a yearning in our hearts towards your countrymen." I do not doubt his sincerity. It was confirmed a score of times, and in as many different instances, during my brief stay in Dublin.

I was fortunate in that the "Messiah" was announced to be performed that evening for the benefit of the Irish Academy of Music. It was given by the Ancient Concerts Society, so called, an association established in 1834, and having in view the same objects as our own Handel and Haydn. The occasion was one of more than ordinary interest for which especial preparation had been made. Yet the hall, a small one, was not filled.

The Oratorio was produced entire, by a select orchestra of forty-five performers, and a chorus numbering about one hundred and fifty. Of course, it was well done, but not better than I have heard it by our societies at home, on many a Christmas Eve. I speak of the vocal parts. The orchestration was such as to leave nothing to be desired. An organ of great power, managed in a masterly manner by Dr. STEWART, was as a tower of strength to the voices in the sublime choruses with which this oratorio abounds.

I was struck with the excellence of the room itself for music. This is such, I think, as to merit a particular description.

It is called the Ancient Concerts Room, and was constructed, so far as I could learn, at about the time of the formation of the society. Its size is small, being adapted for seating comfortably only about 1200 persons. The form of the apartment internally is very nearly that of two cubes as once suggested by Mr. Gardiner. Its

walls are relieved, at intervals, by pilasters, and further broken by panels. A heavy cornice runs around the top of the room; springing from this is a coving which, at the height of ten feet, is joined to the flat ceiling above. The ceiling itself is intersected by deep panels and is finished in stucco. There are no corridors at the sides, and but two or three of small dimensions at each extremity. The floor is level. The seats are mere benches with wooden backs, innocent of cushions or upholstery of any kind. A light gallery extends around three sides of the room. The orchestral platform follows, in its plan, the same general arrangement as that of the Philharmonic Hall in Liverpool (of which I may give some account hereafter), but the seats for the chorus rise less abruptly. Back of the orchestra is an organ with power sufficient for a building of thrice the size.

The ventilating arrangements are ample and most excellent; the fresh air, previously warmed, enters through minute apertures in the risers of the steps, (which, I should have said, extend along the sides on the floor of the hall), and escapes through apertures in the ceiling. The artificial lighting is effected by means of chandeliers, suspended however some 15 feet only from the ceiling, so as not materially to interfere with vision or produce acoustic disturbance. There is in this hall, when filled, no echo, and no perceptible reverberation. The general disposition of the house for the seating of the audience is amphitheatrical, giving to the assembly, on this occasion, a most brilliant effect.

Apropos, in this connection, some one has remarked that the idea we form of Italian and Grecian beauty is never realized in Greece and Italy, but is found in Ireland, in the upper ranks, heightened and exceeded. I believe in this. Certainly I have seen no equal in face and form to those I saw among the higher classes in Dublin.

The inaugural ceremonies of the great Exhibition have been previously described in the pages of this Journal,* and need not be repeated here. The occasion was, indeed, one of paramount interest, and which warmly enlisted the sympathies of the whole country. It was a project designed to give fresh vigor and life to the drooping spirit of the nation. The press had labored incessantly in its behalf for many months. Every appeal to patriotic feeling had been made, and no effort spared to give it magnitude and importance in the eyes of the people. There were those who fondly saw in this event the dawning of a new life for Ireland, by awakening a national pride, and recalling popular attention to the industrial

* Vol. III., page 77.

resources of the kingdom, and thus arresting the tide of immigration which has drained its population for so many years.

For myself, as an impartial looker-on, I could not so hopefully interpret the import of this great event. It seemed to me rather the last struggle of a noble-hearted but doomed race. The glory of it is illusive. It is as the red glare at evening, which foretells the blackness of the storm that shall brood over the night.

The day dawned in cloudless beauty. The streets of the town were alive with the eager multitude. At an early hour every seat and standing place of the vast structure was occupied. Here was brought together, in closest contact, the rank and aristocracy of three realms. The high-born beauty of England, Scotland and Ireland was largely represented. There was a marked earnestness upon the faces of all—enthusiasm even—which showed how deeply their feelings were enlisted. But it was not the earnestness of hope, nor a joyous enthusiasm. In spite of all the pomp and pageantry of the occasion, a shadow sat unmistakably upon the vast assemblage. And when, at the close of the ceremonial, the superb band of a thousand voices and instruments joined in the national anthem, pouring its magnificent music into the ears of twenty thousand listeners, filling the huge building with a sea of sound, there went up a response from heavy hearts. It was the wail of an unhappy people.

Robert Schumann.

(From SOBOLLEWSKI'S "Reactionary Letters.")*

Napoleon said that it was more useful to know one man than 40,000 plants. We are of the same opinion, particularly when such an ordinary-social, beer-drinking individual is possessed of such extraordinary genius as ROBERT SCHUMANN.

Although the outward appearance of a composer ought not to interest us, but only his inward mind, the element with which his works render us acquainted, we are still very fond of studying his bodily form, in order to see whether it is a counterpart of his soul.

Unfortunately Nature does not often make a perfect man, like GOETHE. The outward appearance of the good MOZART did not correspond with the mind within; neither does ROBERT SCHUMANN'S.

Robert Schumann is a common-place, well-fed, bullet-headed individual; the bridge of his nose does not give evidence of the slightest grain of poetry, neither do his eyes flash with heavenly fire. His complexion is not at all tinged with disgust for the world; and his hair does not, like BEETHOVEN'S, stream in the wind, but lies quietly on his forehead, which is not more than usually lofty.

He looks so calm and sober, and yet has been so drunk with love! He appears reserved, and, like most men who have always a thing to do, avoids those who have always one to say, and yet he can gossip so delightfully, at one time like Florestan, and at another like Eusebius, according as his heart is at high or low water mark. Like claret, he is only palatable when a little warm. Arrogance has not filled his head and emptied his heart. He is proud, but not in mind—for a proud mind is always a small mind—his soul alone is proud, and a proud soul is a great soul.

For me, he is an amiable man and a very distinguished artist. After Beethoven, no one has composed a symphony like Schumann. After SEBASTIAN BACH, no German composer has ever succeeded in jotting down, with such nonchalance,

* *Reactionary Letters*, by R. Sobolewski, collected and reprinted from the *Outpostische Zeitung*, and translated in the *London Musical World*. These letters were written apparently to stay the tide of Wagnerism in Germany, but in their rambling gossip contain many things quite favorable to Wagner and the new men.

the most wonderful melodic and harmonic combinations, in the form of canons, as Schumann has done in his *Stücke für Pedalclavier*.

Some of his songs are most charming, but his pianoforte music ranks higher.

The first pianoforte compositions by which Schumann attracted attention was his "Carnival, *Scènes Mignonnes*, on four notes," Op. 19. It is a varied series of characteristic pieces, in which Harlequin, Columbine, and Pierrot, Florestan and Eusebius, the Philistine and the members of the David league, Chopin and others, appear with all their nationality and peculiarities. Each piece is more charming than the one before it, and each begins with the four notes—a, e flat (es), c, h.

The reader will enquire what those four notes mean. They were intended to represent a town of Saxony called Aesch, whither Schumann's thoughts frequently strayed, because at that time there was an object there which interested his sensitive soul.

Now, it is satisfactorily demonstrated that a most excellent method of overcoming a seemingly invincible passion is to write verses or music on it. The trouble of finding the rhyme and studying the sound, the fact of being amiable, on four notes, in the most widely different dispositions of mind, disturbs the one fixed idea. A mental crisis is thus produced—until another passion supervenes; and, unfortunately, poets and musicians have, and must have, a superfluous amount of passion—for it is a lucky thing for them that their blood contains more component parts of iron than of gold.

The second of Schumann's pieces which produced a sensation was his "Grand Sonata," Op. 11. It is difficult to play, and must be well studied, if the performer would bring out the effects it contains. It appeared under the title of "Florestan and Eusebius."

Florestan and Eusebius are the two highly poetical natures of which Schumann consists. Wonderful articles appeared under their name in the *Leipziger Musikalische Zeitung*, when R. Schumann edited it. The sonnet itself depicts the contest of the members of the David league (co-editors of the *Neue Leipziger Zeitung*) with the Philistines of the old *Musikalische Zeitung* of that day under Fink.

Some one has said: "When I hear Schumann, it seems to me as if I were floating on the sea." There is a great deal of truth in this sentiment. It is one of those which I like to hear from the uninitiated.

There is, however, a great difference between pronouncing a criticism on a work of art, and describing the impression it produces at the moment.

The latter every one has a right to do, but criticism must prove why this is good and that bad. Now-a-days, mere talk will no longer pass current. What reasonable being will feel offended that the continual repetition, in Wagner's *Lohengrin*, of "Heil deiner Fahrt, Heil deiner Ahrt"—that instances of false declamation and intonation, which are always quoted; and that transitions which tear one's ears to pieces, like that in the finale, with the chord f, a, c, e flat, g, are blamed, if, at the same time, every thing good is praised. Only weak-minded persons are clouded sufficiently in their minds to find everything perfection. LISZT and RAFF do not belong to this class, but are entirely of our opinion, and the little work RAFF has promised will bear us out in our assertion.

The torch of criticism should not burn but simply light, and the hand which has grasped it, in order to involve in a destructive conflagration everything with the exception of one single object, should be rapped until it lets fall the torch it is not worthy to bear.

The sonata, Op. 11, is a battle-piece, and its composer stood in the foremost ranks of the combatants, and spoke well both in words and tones. "Kunst kommt her von Können." (The word *Kunst* is derived from *Können*), such was Schumann's motto and that was the sonnet. We think at the present time as we thought as members of the David-league; away, then, with what is bad in Wagner, with what is bad in Meyerbeer and Schumann; with what is bad in ourselves. We will never attach any value to the fact that *Dunst* (fog, vapor), rhymes with *Kunst* (art). The fog

has been dissipated by the sun, and, although the atmosphere may still be a little hazy, it will soon clear up. A great deal of Wagner's works will live, but a great deal more of Schumann's.

In Op. 12 ("Phantasiestück") we again find R. Schumann wounded in the heart. We particularly recommend the "Carnival" and this piece, for they were composed in the sacred moments of inspiration.

In the "Carnival" the patient is sufficiently recovered to indulge in humor, but in the "Phantasiestück" we find the pure platonic attachment to a pupil of Tag, a fair pianist whom we then knew and whose talents we acknowledged. These pieces are dedicated to her, and she herself used to speak with pride of having excited the admiration of such an artist as Schumann.

But, as we know, men, like children, are sent to sleep by song, and Schumann sang himself to sleep and awoke as—a child; he composed his wonderful "*Kinderscenen*" (Op. 15), rode his hobby horse, felt frightened at *Ruprecht*, and again sang himself to sleep with a lovely "*Wiegenlied*." These little compositions, when delicately and prettily played, as Reinecke could play them, waft even ourselves into the fairy realms of childhood, and call up such home-sick longings that we would willingly return to the time when everything was so beautiful.

Schumann awakes us with a grand idea, namely: to contribute something towards the monument to be erected to Beethoven.

Ten years previously Beethoven almost died of starvation, but at the period in question collections were made for his monument.

Such is the fate of German composers. People allow them to starve during their lifetime, in order to be enabled to give more towards their monuments, while French composers live in palaces, possess large incomes, and smile at our passion for erecting monuments.

Schumann's contribution consisted of Op. 17. He at first intended giving it the name of "Obolus" (a small Greek coin), but it eventually appeared under the title of "Fantaisie in C."

It is a wonderful work, full of deep feeling, and admirably in keeping with the feelings of a great man who knows how to bear his misfortunes.

Popular Songs.

Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, in one of his political essays, uttered the famous saying that has since become almost a proverb: "Let me make the songs of a nation and I care not who makes its laws." Every day shows that there was a good deal of truth in the saying, and every author of popular songs, that have real life in them, deserves notice. The *London Illustrated News* speaks thus of the songs of Dr. CHARLES MACKAY.

Mackay is, in England, what Béranger has been, a little before him, in France—the *chansonnier par excellence*, the song-writer of the time. He speaks to the people in a language familiar to them, but purified and refined; he echoes their feelings, exalting and embellishing every thought, every sentiment that is good, and beautiful, and noble. He cherishes the sweetest and holiest affections of domestic life, and the free and manly aspirations of the citizen, the patriot, and the lover of mankind. Hence it is that the verses of Mackay, though only of yesterday, have already become household words in the mouths of the people of England, as if they had descended by long tradition from a distant age. Versatility, too, is a feature of his genius. He has the rough energy of Ebenezer Elliot: while he has also, if not the voluptuous epicurism, the airy grace of Thomas Moore.

Like Moore also, Mackay is a musician; and we believe that no poet who was not in some degree a musician, has ever written a good song. Henry Carey, Dibdin, Burns, Moore, wrote real songs, because their lines, in the act of formation, were associated with beautiful melodies; while the so-called songs of Scott, Campbell, and numberless other poets, are not songs at all; they are read with pleasure and only spoiled by singing, be-

cause their authors produced them without any musical associations. Mackay, in his song-writing, has always shown a delicate perception of melody; but it is only now that he has evinced the power of creating melody.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

What joy attends the fisher's life!

Blow, winds, blow!

The fisher and his faithful wife;

Row, boys, row!

He drives no plough on stubborn land,

His fields are ready to his hand;

No nipping frosts his orchards fear,

He has his autumn all the year:

Yeo! heave, ho!

The husbandman has rent to pay,

Blow, winds, blow!

And seed to purchase every day,

Row, boys, row!

But he who farms the rolling deeps,

Though never sowing, always reaps;

The ocean fields are fair and free,

There are no rent-days on the sea;

Yeo! heave, ho!

Then joy attend the fisher's life!

Blow, winds, blow!

The fisher and his faithful wife!

Row, boys, row!

May fav'ring breezes fill his sail,

His teeming harvest never fail;

And, from his cottage on the strand,

Come forth defenders of our land;

Yeo! heave, ho!

Verses such as these are essentially musical. You feel, in reading them, that they are made to be sung, and that the completeness of their effect demands appropriate melody. No melodies can be more appropriate than those which the author of the poetry has himself contributed. They are exceedingly tuneful, and in every instance echo with truth and fidelity, and sense and feeling of the words. They are faultless in all the technical requisites of the art—in regularity of rhythm, symmetry of form, sweetness, and variety of expression; and (what is of the greatest moment) they admit of the clear and emphatic utterance of every syllable. The arrangement of the vocal parts in the glee, and the simple but elegant piano-forte accompaniments, are skilful and musician-like; and these compositions cannot fail to give pleasure to every lover of genuine English song.

Cruvelli in Paris.

Never did a greater crowd besiege the doors of the Académie Impériale de Musique, and never did the Grand Opéra contain within its walls a more distinguished, or more numerous audience, than on Monday week. All that Paris possesses of celebrated, refined, and elegant, in the world of art, literature, and fashion, was assembled. The heroine of the evening was Mdlle. SOPHIE CRUELLE, and the opera one which is full of opportunities for the display of her powers as a singer and an actress. Now that she is so soon to leave the stage for ever, the public excitement in Paris with regard to Mdlle. Cruvelli has reached fever heat; and she meets with receptions, night after night, such as the "oldest inhabitant" cannot remember—and it would be strange indeed were it otherwise. Scarce five-and-twenty years of age; with a commanding and graceful figure; an expressive and lovely face; replete with intelligence and genius; with a compass and freshness of voice that have seldom been equalled, never surpassed; with powers as a comedian, which even the gifted MARIE CABEL herself might envy, and force as a tragedian, second to RACHEL alone, Mdlle. Cruvelli has exhausted the whole range of the lyric drama, ancient and modern, from BEETHOVEN to VERDI. Her Leonora in *Fidelio*; her Donna Anna and Elvira in *Don Giovanni*; her Cherubino and Countess in the *Nozze di Figaro* (I may add Susanna and Zerlina, since she has played both,) her Amina, Norma, Rosina, Julie (*Vestale*), Odabella (*Attila*), Elvira (*Ernani*), Florinda, (*Thalberg*), Semiramide, Lucrezia Borgia, Desdemona, Lucia, Anna Bolena, Erminie (*Quatre Fils d'Aymon*), Ninetta, Alice, Valentine, and others, too numerous to mention, are proofs of the constant successes which have marked her career;

and if ever there existed a dramatic singer, with the stamp of genius impressed on all she undertakes, Mdlle. Cruvelli may surely lay claim to that distinction. During the last five years she has studied hard, and to good purpose. She has softened and toned down many crudities and asperities, she has given breadth to her style and softness to her expression, and she now remains (Grisi having left the stage) without a competitor in any style, except that incomparably pure and finished vocalist, MARIETTA ALRONI.

I fear the part of Rachel in the *Juive* is the "anti-penultimate" of Mdlle. Cruvelli's new impersonations. In Verdi's forthcoming opera, *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, we shall, probably, see her last "creation." At present there seems little chance of her place being filled up, but let us hope for the best. Meanwhile, I must give you an account of the reprise of *La Juive*, at the great national (Imperial?) establishment in the Rue Lepelletier. Of the opera I need say nothing, as you have heard it here and everywhere on the Continent; you have seen it in London under every shape and form, with and without the music. The part of Rachel was originally written for Mdlle. FALCON, and was one of her most famous creations. It was afterwards sustained by Mme. STOLZ, whose fine dramatic genius was exhibited to the highest advantage. Since then, Mdlle. NATHAN, Mme. HEINEFETTER, and a host of others, have achieved more or less every year. Mdlle. Cruvelli has cast aside all the "traditions" of the theatre, and has refused to be bound hand and foot by the dicta of stage managers. Mdlle. Falcon did this and Mme. Stoltz that; Mme. Nathan sang a certain passage in such a manner, Mme. Heinefetter in a manner directly opposite, etc. etc.; but Mme. Cruvelli, without caring for any of them, has gone straight to the source, has studied the character for herself, has repeated what she did with regard to the *Huguenots*, and produced a fresh, original, and true "creation." On the first night, she was somewhat too energetic, and displayed too much of that peculiar force which is so remarkable a characteristic of her style. Unlike the majority of timorous debutantes, who hesitate and doubt, who venture with fear and trembling on a new part, and never feel themselves at home, until encouraged by applause and the expression of public feeling, Mdlle. Cruvelli takes counsel of herself, studies her part with enthusiasm, and sometimes in the passion of the scene oversteps the bounds which art has set to nature. For myself, I readily pardon this defect, which springs from exuberance of feeling, from original conception of thought, from genius, indeed, and intellect. It is a fault which she possesses in common with Rachel, which was charged as a defect in Malibran, and which, as M. P. A. Florentini significantly hints, she does not possess in common with the tribe of pretty young ladies who curtsy to and ogle the public, fancying they are actresses, when they are mere puppets and toys, devoid alike of intelligence and thought, drilled and tutored like so many bullfinches. In the celebrated air, *Il va venir*, Mdlle. Cruvelli portrayed, with overpowering force, the remorse and fear of the maiden about to fall, and the sadness which urges her to her unhappy fate. In the malediction—

"Anathème, anathème,
Et que Dieu qu'il blasphème
Le maudisse à jamais!"

she electrified the audience, who recalled her, amidst the loudest and most genuine marks of approbation. In the fourth act, in the duet with Eudoxia, and the short scene with the Cardinal, she was calm, dignified, and resigned, and with her rich and mellow *contralto* tones gave full meaning to the words *Ma tête tombera*; and in the concluding scene, when she sees the stake and the preparations for death, a shudder ran through the house at the effect she produced with the words, *Ah, mon père, j'ai peur*. She was recalled three times during and at the end of the opera. M. GUEYMARD was successful as the Jew, but, in the cursing scene, he attempted to force his voice too much, which resulted in three

successive "couacs." He has since profited by experience, and succeeds better. Mdlle. Dussey was charming as Eudoxia, but illness has compelled her to cede the part to Mdlle. Pouilly, who is by no means so good. The Emperor and Empress was present on Monday. The *Juive* will be played three times a week until further notice, and, up to the present time, the receipts have been limited by the size of the house only.—*Correspondence of Lond. Mus. World, March 17.*

Ferdinand Ries.

By H. F. CHORLEY.

Now, let us glance for a moment at the imitators of Beethoven, and see if we can make out what they have selected for imitation. The first of these—nay, for some twenty years, the only one to be found—among European composers, at all deserving the name, was Ferdinand Ries; and he attached himself, by love, by intercourse, and by habit, to those works by his master, in which the master's peculiar genius was complete—not clouded, flawed, or crossed with singularities never to be unriddled. By the mass of compositions by Ries before the public (which, indeed, for any present acceptance that they find, might never have been written at all), he is proved to have been a thoroughly trained musician—commanding fluency of expression in no common measure—not without a humor of his own—not without a certain vein of wild and national melody—not without a fire and a brightness that remove most of his carefully finished works beyond the category of tedious and imitative exercise-music. He wrote well for the orchestra; and being, in his day, a superb piano-forte player, he wrote effectively for his own instrument. But, seduced by the bold, uncompromising manner of his original, he fancied that abrupt transitions, unforeseen interruptions, harsh modulations—if applied to thoughts in themselves weak and second-hand, or in no wise fit for such treatment—would bring him to a grandeur and an authority approaching those of his model elect. They did but succeed, alas! in earning for him an unfair reputation for oddity and rudeness, without the relief of any better or more agreeable individualities. He has, in the general musical world, a fame little better than that of the adroit country actor, who succeeded in catching some of the salient points of Kemble's stately declamation, or Kean's violent and spasmodic transitions. Yet, as life advanced, and he emancipated himself from that excessive admiration which takes the form of outward simulation, and only arrives at the success of clever grimace, Ries produced many works that deserve a better fate than to be forgotten—in which, though an early unsettlement of mind can, perhaps, be traced, there may be also found a spirit, interest, individuality, such as few writers, if they now command such qualities, now exhibit.

By the example of Ries, then—a solitary example, moreover, among German composers, (whereas Mozart has had his thousands, and, Mendelssohn his tens of thousands of close imitators,) it may be seen how the great qualities of Beethoven defy dilution, copy or reproduction; because they are qualities far more dependent on lightning-keen originality of idea, than on this system of orchestration, or the other choice of harmony—than on this manner of introducing a subject, or the other mode of working up a close. How, indeed, is second-rate fancy to deal with genius that never did—that could not—repeat itself? There is no making over again, on any pretext, such an effect as that of the suspense, followed by the glorious burst of triumph, which is now so familiar to us, in the *scherzo* and martial *finale* of the C minor Symphony. There is no parroting such a programme (not prelude) to an opera as the Overture to "Leonora," in which the grasp of the master proves itself gigantic and forcible enough to work up all manner of fragments, so as to make a whole singular in its coherence, the material considered. Were the form of the *Sonata alla fantasia* in C sharp minor adopted by any adventurous new writer, his copy would be simply intolerable—as grossly and nakedly calling attention to the great original, which he was struggling

to reproduce. The real inventions of Beethoven are all single, of no school—having no connection one with the other, save by their surpassing loftiness, and the amazing affluence of invention they display. We may see, indeed, here and there, that he used certain instruments in his scores with a richer license than his predecessors,—that he availed himself, when he pleased, of episode, to a degree surprising in one who could spin such wonderful poems out of such simple groups of notes as the one opening the C minor Symphony. We can recognize among his piano Sonatas one as an example of agitation (the one in D minor, No. 2, Op. 31); another (the one in D major, No. 3, Op. 10), as containing a wonderful contrast between the sublime sadness of its *Largo e mesto*, and the unbridled freakishness of its final Allegro. But this is all: for the slightest attempt to make any of these over again, conscious or unconscious, would betray itself, and subject the maker of it to such immediate indignities as awaited the bird in the peacock's plumes of the fable.

Some instinct of a truth like this has served the sagacious musicians of all countries, as regards the account to which the really great works of Beethoven might be turned. They have been resorted to as quickeners of the fancy, not as models of academical study. He would be a poor and meagre-minded architect who could gather no strength, nor food for future daring, under the shadow of the pyramids; but these would assuredly not take the form of a little pyramid.

Musical Correspondence.

From NEW YORK.

APRIL 18.—William Tell is certainly a great opera. There is no doubt of it. But then it should no more be called an Italian opera than HALEVY's operas can be called German, because he happens to have been born in Germany. It belongs to the German or French schools. The first two acts are very fine. The third act is much poorer and contains a quantity of dance music. In the fourth act, again, there is a great falling off. But, take it all in all, it is one of the few operas to which you can listen four hours without tiring. In many passages it reminds one of *Semiramide*, but partly the libretto, and mainly the music, make it infinitely more interesting. And if it pleases so much with MARETZKE as conductor, what must it be with a first-rate Kapellmeister to bring out all the points and to really direct and manage the orchestra. Of the overture I could not well judge, as, from the opera beginning earlier than usual, there was much noise from the belated comers. It struck me, however, as far as I could hear, as being uncommonly fine. The solo performers and choruses, on the whole, did remarkably well. One portion of the opera, which could be much better is the scene in the third act where 'Tell' is ordered to shoot the apple from his son's head, and after having done so, drops another arrow (intended for 'Gessler') from his bosom. Neither the music expressing the fear and supplication before the act, or the intense joy and then dancing after it, was strong or significant enough. If ROSSINI had only studied *Fidelio* a little, he might have been inspired by that opera. (No adjective in the dictionary can express its merit, so I use none.) From the point where 'Leonore' steps between 'Pizarro' and 'Florestan' with command 'Zurück!' to the end of the unequalled duet: *O namenlose Freude*, I know of nothing at the same time more musical or more dramatic. Aye, never will I forget the 18th of March, 1852, when I heard JOHANNA WAGNER as 'Leonore.' I am not easily carried away by acting, I know how hollow it generally is, but when that glorious *Töchter erst sein weibl* sounded forth so nobly, so spiritedly, so truly, as if all her passion, her love, her intense suffering were concentrated in it, I fairly shouted

with enthusiasm. And not only I, but the whole house. Johanna Wagner is the greatest dramatic singer and the greatest actress in the world.

But, to return to William Tell; it has been given again on Wednesday, Friday and last night, each time to crowded houses.

At Niblo's, on Tuesday, *Capuletti e Montecchi* was given to a good house. The performance was better than I expected. Mme. SIEDENBURG made a very good 'Juliet.' Her voice is rather *passé*, but she uses it to the best advantage. CAROLINE LEHMANN sang finely. Her acting (a very essential thing in opera,) was like that of an automaton. It was all assumed, so that when the scene happened to last a few moments longer than she had anticipated, she stood there like a statue, not knowing what to do. She has lost much in the estimation of the New York public since she left the concert room. I place her acting much below MARIO's. On Thursday *Alessandro Stradella* was given to a good house. The tenor part of *Stradella* was to have been taken by Mme. D'ORMY, (a contralto,) but this lady having become 'suddenly indisposed' (to sing) Mr. LIBERATI, of the chorus, took the part at short notice. This gentleman has a weak, but pleasing voice, and no doubt, when sufficiently accustomed to solo parts, will sing very acceptably to the public. Mme. Siedenburger did very well as 'Leonora.' But the gems of the evening were the duets between the assassins. Messrs. QUINT and MULLER, who sang and acted their parts capitally. It could not have been done better. The plot of the opera is as follows:

Stradella, a musical celebrity, professionally engaged for the musical education of Leonore, the ward of Bassi, an Italian nobleman, fascinates his pupil to a tender attachment for him. They elope, and Bassi, enraged at this, and determined to be revenged, hires two assassins to slay *Stradella*. They overtake the fugitives at *Stradella's* country seat, where, while watching for an opportunity to carry out the foul deed, they hear him sing and are charmed to a feeling of pity for him; they confess and abandon their design. Bassi, who enters to see whether his will has been executed, forgives his ward. The assassins, having previously received their hire, and glad to be released from their promise, join in the rejoicings of this happy termination.

In the first act occurs a comical scene, in which a very comic and well executed 'Pierrot Dance' was introduced, by eighteen 'New York children *a la Viennoise*.'

'Buckley's Minstrels' are really doing very much for the cause of music in New York. You may laugh at this assertion, but it is true nevertheless. They were the first to substitute arias, etc., from Italian operas for the common negro melodies, and also first introduced the burlesques on popular operas which retained the music, though they burlesqued the words. And now they have commenced giving comic operas with white faces, and, as I have heard, really do it well. I know that several of the members of the company are excellent instrumental and vocal performers, and some indeed I believe to be true musicians; and I contend that they are doing as much for the elevation of musical taste among the people as the Philharmonic Society is doing in a higher sphere.

Quite a curious serenade came off last Wednesday night. It was intended for a newly married couple, and consisted of six powerful grinding organs, all playing different tunes at the same time. First you would hear 'Pop goes the weasel' predominating; then after a short struggle, 'Wait for the wagon' would conquer it; again 'Jordan' would gain the mastery to be overpowered in its turn by the 'Prima Donna Waltz,' the 'Marseillaise,' etc., *ad infinitum*. This 'concourse of sweet sounds' continued more than an hour, and occasioned many an awakened sleeper to exclaim, in a testy voice, 'List, 'tis music stealing.' Myself, it reminded strongly of an almost forgotten opera, I had once heard in Germany. There are rumors of difficulties among the German troupe. Is it possible for an opera company to exist without

quarreling and bickering? It seems not. Next winter, I have reason to believe, we shall have a new and first rate German troupe.

To-night we have *Capuletti e Montecchi*, as the last performance of the present company. R.

APRIL 18.—EISEFELD'S Quartet Soirée, the last of the season, took place last night. The programme was less attractive than usual, and the whole,—as a friend remarked,—was like 'Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out;' as, though it was 'Eisfeld's Classical Quintette Soirée,' there was no Mr. Eisfeld, no Quartet, and no MOZART, or BEETHOVEN, or other strictly classical composer. First came a No-netto by SROHR, a quite pleasing composition, in which the combination of instruments is peculiarly happy. Two numbers were filled by the two halves of HUMMEL'S Septet in D minor, the piano part to be played by Miss ELIZA BROWN. The initiated knew that Miss Eliza Brown is a young amateur pianist, a pupil of Mr. TIMM, who can be seen at every concert, plays very well, and takes a vivid interest in music generally. And, indeed, report had not said too much of the young lady's powers; perfectly calm and self-possessed, she really played remarkably well, combining great fluency and accuracy with a degree of force very unusual in a young lady. There might have been more light and shade, but on the whole there was a truth of conception of the music, and an entering into its spirit, which was very creditable both the young pianist herself, and to the master who guides her.

The performances were very much shortened by the omission of Mr. ROOF's vocal Quartet, on account of the sudden illness of one of the singers. We consequently were deprived of a Quartet by Mr. Eisfeld, which I have heard very highly spoken of, and Mendelssohn's beautiful Hunting song.

This was almost the last of our regular concerts. They end with the fourth Philharmonic next Saturday. Was there ever a finer programme than is promised us for that? If one could only enjoy the rehearsals more. But they are getting more and more to be merely an occasion of rendezvous, so that there is hardly a place in which one is not disturbed by the shameless talking and flirting by which most of the audiences amuse themselves. It is a real nuisance: would that something could be done to abolish it. BORNOMIS.

From WASHINGTON, D. C.

APRIL 12.—After having for some time, "Winter lingering in the lap of Spring" (a thing much more poetic in the saying than the experience,) the welcome season seems to have come at last. It is now delightful to take a stroll. The mornings sparkle, and with such a river as the Potomac rushing past us, with such heights as surround our city, with such grand public buildings,—Washington is worth living in.

It would be much more so if we had more good music. But, alas! most people here are in the typhoid state on that subject. I advise all the Bostonians who ever contemplate the possibility of leaving their city, to engage a perpetual seat at the Music Hall, for they'll find themselves when they go away hunting about after music like Diogenes after an honest man.

We have however the next best thing to good music, i. e. a good music store. Messrs. Hilbus and Hitz have located themselves in a most favorable place on Pennsylvania Avenue, where with neatly arranged music, fine instruments, best music, busts of the great composers, etc., they await the "good time coming." Sometimes, too, in loafing there one picks up some *bonne bouche* in the way of music. For instance, no longer than this morning, whilst I was sitting about five minutes there, I heard a bow drawn with a flourish across the strings of a violoncello

with a right brave hand, and looking up, beheld two good-looking German friends,—one at the piano, the other with violoncello,—and in another moment found myself gliding along the liquid sweetness of SCHUBERT'S *Ave Maria! vierge du Ciel!* Ah! It was good, or I'm a heretic. One should have a thousand ears here, by way of compensation for the little to be heard; as the Roman cried: What a pity one hasn't a thousand lives to give for one's country. (After the air of Schubert we had performed skilfully the *Souvenir de Spa de Servais*.)

I lately stepped into the copyright bureau in the State Department, and examined the collection of music there. I came away fully convinced of the truth of the American Proverb which says—

The greatest nation
In all creation.

Here are collected about 150 volumes of music, all innocent of foreign hands; such as the most patriotic K. N. might conscientiously hear. And what is it? Have we here intricate operatic airs, or puzzling "Sin-funny?" Have we Sonatas that put one's teeth on edge? or any other of your fiddle-tuning pieces? I answer, No! We have here music for the million,—music dear to the national heart. We have music here, (Pythagorically speaking) the *μουσική* of the *πόλις*. That is the music of the (as Lowell translates it) *great toe*. That which the great American toe hath polked and waltzed and danced every way is here. These dance pieces are positively infinite, and imbibing the spirit of our country constantly expanding. We have Fairy, Fairy-bell-dell-yell Polkas, Blues, Greys, (Green) Quicksteps; Miller's Maid, Ben Bolt (and others bolting) Schottisch. But the great central volcanic fire in the National Musical Heart would appear to be these: *Few Days, Jordan*, and *Pop goes the Weazel!* The last of these especially is found in every variety. The Weazel pops forth in quick step, waltz, polka song—always the same cunning and interesting animal. One piece on a hasty glance seemed to me pathetic; perhaps we shall one day shed tears at the funeral march of *Pop goes the Weazel*.

The people of Richmond, Va., have been regaled by a Musical Convention; such perhaps as we shall have here May 8th. The Richmond people are fond of good music and support the opera well.

The friends of Mrs. RITCHIE (formerly Mrs. MOWATT) in your city may be glad to learn that she is in the midst of many kind and appreciating friends in Richmond. I do not suppose that I transgress the proprieties of private sources when I state, that lately she has been delighting a circle of friends by reading the text of celebrated scenes (taken from "The Corsair," "Bride of Lammermoor," etc.) apropos of accompanying *Tableaux Vivants* representing them. Her society is in this as in many ways as an acquisition to that city. c.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 21, 1855.

CONCERTS.

I. MR. SATTER'S THIRD CONCERT drew a much larger audience. Indeed the Chickering saloon was nearly filled; and a more enthusiastic audience is seldom found at a piano concert. The programme was of a somewhat lighter and more heterogeneous quality than before; yet it contained some very choice and admirable pieces. It commenced with the Quartet in B minor, for piano and strings, by MENDELSSOHN, a work uniting all the peculiar charms of the composer's

genius, and one to test both the mechanical and genial qualities of the interpreters. It was finely rendered, the members of the QUINTETTE CLUB doing their part in their happiest manner. The pianist played it as if he loved and felt it, which, considering the infallible neatness, freshness, strength and delicate shading of his touch, and the ease and elegance of his execution always, leaves little more that could be desired. We believe this is an early work of Mendelssohn. In the delicate, lightly running *staccato* of the Scherzo, one seemed to trace the genesis, as it were, of his peculiar, fairy, Midsummer Night's Dream vein. Here it was something, on the one hand, as romantic and fanciful as that, and on the other as *abstractly* musical as BACH; showing how what is most poetic and original, most of the fairy world with Mendelssohn springs in a direct and vital manner from what is most abstract and learned in his severe musical studies.

Next, Mr. Satter played a brace of pieces too entirely heterogeneous for contrast. One was the little happy, tranquil, June-like minuetto from MOZART'S E flat Symphony, which charmed everybody this time, as it did in the first concert. The other was more of the hacknied "prodigious school,"—Liszt's transcription of the *Lucia* Sextet, an imposing piece, however, and superbly played.—Miss LOUISE HENSLEY next claimed the attention of the audience and held it to a charm, through all the tender *cantabile* introduction and the long and florid development of *Com' è bello* from *Lucrezia Borgia*. The delicious, Spring-like, richly vibrating quality of this young voice, wins steadily upon all sympathies; and we were more than ever surprised at the degree of skilful, tasteful execution, at the truthful feeling and conception of such music, shown by so youthful a *débütante*. It gives one the pleasant thrill we always feel in recognizing a rare promise.

Mr. Satter closed the first part with one of the lighter and earliest Sonatas of Beethoven, that in F minor, from his second opus, embracing the three Sonatas dedicated to Haydn. We have never heard it played so elegantly and so expressively. The unity of the work was completely preserved in the rendering. The impassioned, but gracefully self-possessed Allegro; the flowing, Mozart-like melody of the Adagio; the delicate, piquant humor of the Minuet and Trio, and the swift, fiery Finale, with its song-like episode, were all brought out with the utmost truth of rhythm and of coloring. We cannot conceive why a Sonata of Beethoven, really well played, should not always prove the most attractive thing that can be presented to an audience at all cultivated and intellectual in its taste.

We were obliged to leave after the first part, thereby losing the Scherzo and Finale from CHERUBINI'S Quartet in E flat, by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club; another song by Miss Hensley; some Mendelssohn "Songs without Words," (Number one of part one and the Duet,) a Lisztian arrangement of ROSSINI'S *Tarantelle* (which we hear made quite a *furor*), a Nocturne and March of Mr. Satter's own composition. His *Casta Diva*, "for the left hand," we can scarcely imagine to have been a loss; surely such a concert could not be made any more complete by introducing *Norma*!

2. MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY.—The Complimentary Concert for the Ladies of the Society passed off quite successfully on Saturday evening. In spite of the wet, warm day there may have been some twelve hundred or more people in the Music Hall. The first part contained the principal "pith and moment" of the programme, consisting simply of BEETHOVEN'S Seventh Symphony, in A. All the other *eight* Symphonies had been played in the Music Hall this winter, either by the Orchestral Union or the Musical Fund Society; the Ninth stands by itself, and to our shame we have not had it since the days of BERGMANN, which argues a sad sinking of the tide of musical aspiration here since that time. The Seventh stands next in grandeur and fullness to the Ninth, and we came to it with an appetite after so long an interval. The orchestra of forty instruments, under the firm and energetic lead of Mr. ECKHARDT, played it on the whole about as well as we have ever heard it. We only questioned the taking of the grand and solemn introduction so *very* adagio. The third and fourth movements were particularly well played; and throughout the whole we felt buoyed up and sustained at a height of strong, harmonious, all-alive and all-related consciousness, of which few things in Art or Poetry give one such full experience as this divine, grand music. One *lives much* in listening to such a symphony!

It was rather hard to come down to the miscellaneous remainder of the entertainment, good as much of it was. Young Mr. GROVES played a solo on the viola, written by Eckhardt, with the tenor air from *Freyschutz* for its theme, and played it very clearly and truly, with a fine rich body of tone. BISHOP'S well-known Glee Quintet: *Blow, gentle gales*, was sung in good style by Miss BOTHAMLY, Miss TWICHELL, and Messrs. ADAMS, GILBERT and MOZART. The contralto was particularly rich and telling. This Glee was given with the author's orchestral accompaniments, which, after listening to Beethoven's orchestration, sounded rather tame; and indeed a Glee seems more complete in and by itself, than in such incomplete attempt to enlarge its sphere. A cor-net solo, by Mr. KLAESER; a florid Catholic trio: *Regna terrae*, by Misses BOTHAMLY and TWICHELL and Mrs. MESTON, very pleasingly sung; Mr. ECKHARDT'S horn Quartet, of which we spoke last week; the elaborate bass air: *Sorgete*, &c., from Rossini's *Maometto*, sang remarkably well by Mr. WETHERBEE; and the overture to *Masaniello*, played with immense fire and spirit, concluded the evening.

English Opera.

The Pyne opera troupe began an engagement at the Boston Theatre on Monday last, and have performed Cinderella through the whole week to large and delighted audiences. The English opera, so called, is a queer heterogeneous medley of beautiful music, (generally Italian,) imposing spectacle, and mediocre comedy degenerating invariably into Harlequin buffoonery; the whole being by turns delightful, amusing and ridiculous. When such a singer as Miss LOUISA PYNE assumes the principal rôle, the most capricious and critical of critics must surrender at discretion to the rare excellence of her performance. As an English singer, or rather a singer of Eng-

lish, she has been equalled by few and excelled by no one who has sung here. Her vocalization is perfect; scales, runs, trills, cadenzas, every thing is executed with perfect finish, in the purest style; no note ever escapes her lips that is not sweet, fresh and pleasing in quality, in the whole compass of her voice. Her execution constantly reminds one of Sontag, and then her voice too is not unlike.

She wants life and wants passion; she pleases and satisfies you as an executant, but never excites or stirs you as an actress. The music of Cinderella she gives delightfully throughout, introducing Benedict's *Sky-Lark*, in the third act. Miss PYNE and Mrs. W. H. SMITH presented the sisters very satisfactorily, and Messrs. BORRANI and HORNCastle gave all the music of Dandini and the Baron Pompolino exceedingly well. Mr. Horncastle is a valuable addition to this troupe, and made a very favorable impression. Of Mr. HARRISON it is flattery to say he is "tolerable and not to be endured," but he is evidently an indispensable excrement of this troupe. The orchestra gave the accompaniments very well, and the chorus, (especially the male) was large and well drilled. The charming Mrs. JOHN WOOD makes as charming a fairy queen as one could wish to see, and Mr. WOOD as usual made a buffoon of the faithful Pedro. The spectacle was very fine, the scenery new and effective, and the transformations and *diablerie* being done very expeditiously and well. The opening scene was a very felicitous and happy effort of the scene-painter, and the appearance of the vision in the beautiful cascade elicited much applause. When it is seen how impressive is the effect of beautiful scenery on a large scale, well conceived and well executed, we wonder that our theatres are content with the shabby, paltry daubs that are generally displayed before our audiences. Where illusion is the object, the resources of Art cannot be too carefully employed. The subject of scene-painting has received too little attention here, and we are glad to see that some steps are taken towards improvement at the Boston Theatre, though very much remains to be done. In London and Paris, there is no end to the pains taken in the matter, both as respects artistic, picturesque designs and the most elaborate and pains-taking execution. Eminent artists furnish the designs, (which are real pictures,) and the most skilful hands execute them.

The scenery got up for this opera, is a decided improvement on any that we have yet seen at this Theatre, and so too, is that painted for the Priestess, recently played there, founded on the story of Norma. The altar scene (after *Stonchenge*) is an exceedingly effective picture and would be a great addition to the attractions of an operatic performance. The *landscapes* of the Boston Theatre and the exteriors are invariably good and picturesque in their effect. The interiors, on the other hand, are generally preposterous and impossible, both in perspective, and in architectural plan, detail and ornament. Of the first, the exterior of a castle, (used in the statue scene of *Don Giovanni*) is an illustration; of the second, an apartment in the Baron's chateau, and the Prince's saloon in Cinderella, where the splendor is almost grotesque, where it might and should be beautiful. We find in the New York *Tribune* the following notice of the scenery of the Broadway Theatre, which is a fair specimen of the ab-

surdities and anachronisms which are palmed off upon American audiences in establishments that ought to do better:

In the first act of the *Gladiator*, where it is intended to represent a street in ancient Rome the side scenes exhibit the architecture of the fifteenth Century, with the winged lion of St. Marks on one of the wings, while on the flat there is a view of a distant church steeple; the next scene is the interior of a modern drawing-room, with a French window, and the third is a pretty view of an Elizabethan country-house, which changes to the interior of the Coliseum, the side wings of which are parts of a modern ecclesiastical edifice. If such incongruities and solecisms satisfy the aesthetic requirements of a New-York audience, how little cause the actor has to value himself upon the applause which he receives from such easily gratified judges.

And in another New York paper we find this criticism on the scenery of *William Tell*:

All the world is going to see *William Tell* at the Opera House. The scenery is splendid, but it is not Alpine. The dresses are showy, but they are not Swiss.

We have begun with music and got insensibly upon painting. But in the opera they are inseparably connected, and the latter has had too little attention paid to it. To return to our text—Cinderella is put on the stage in a style superior to anything we have had in Boston, very creditable to the management of the Theatre, and will doubtless be seen and heard with delight by large audiences. We have not learned what other operas this troupe will perform during their engagement.

Musical Fund Society.

We shall, we trust, appear before our city and suburban subscribers in ample season to induce them to attend the Concert of the MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY, which will be given this evening at the Music Hall. After a disastrous season, this society, which has now become an established institution among us, appeals to its subscribers and friends to show their good will once more, and endeavor to make up, in some degree, for the small receipts of the previous concerts of this series, which the society has been compelled to bring to an abrupt close, without giving the full number of concerts promised in its announcement, at the opening of the season. The circumstances under which the series began were apparently unusually auspicious. The instrumental concerts of the previous season had been attended by large and remunerative audiences. The tide of fashion seemed to have set strongly that way, and there seemed no doubt but that popular favor would reward similar efforts this year. The Musical Fund Society had the coast clear, without a rival to interfere with its success; it had been thoroughly re-organized; incompetent members had been replaced by others, equal in their several departments to any artists among us; a new President had taken the chair, a gentleman widely known in our community as a liberal patron of the Fine Arts, himself an accomplished and thoroughly educated musician, and an untiring friend of musical artists and of the interests of the Art among us.

But for some reason or other all the expectations founded upon these elements from which it was not unreasonable to hope for a brilliant success have proved empty, and the society finds itself, with a considerable deficit in its treasury and unable to fulfil the promises it had made. Its claims on the public, aside from the great merit of its performances, are therefore very strong; and we most earnestly hope to see the Music Hall crowded to-night with an audience that shall pay, and relieve the society from the pressure of the embarrassments that have pursued it through this season.

It is unnecessary now to speculate upon the probable causes of this bad fortune. Hard times, the caprice of the ever changing public, strongly enticed at one time by the potent bait of the Italian Opera;

perhaps an unwise judgment in the formation of the programmes—all these elements may have conspired, some more, some less, to bring it about. We will not pursue the subject, but hope the Society may have its burden somewhat lightened by the concert to-night, and look forward with good courage to more prosperous fortunes another year.

The programme offered is certainly an inviting one. Though there is no Symphony, yet we have the E flat Concerto of Beethoven, with Mr. SATTER for pianist, which will go far to make good the omission. A manuscript overture of Mr. J. C. D. PARKER will also be performed for the first time. Mrs. J. H. LONG and Mrs. ROSA GARCIA DE RIBAS will assist the Society as vocalists.

"WILLIAM TELL." Our New York correspondent gives some account of the performance of this opera in New York. We shall, next week, give to our readers at greater length, our own impressions of this opera, and of the manner of its performance. We shall act as our own correspondent, and write of such things as we shall have the good fortune to hear in a short visit to the Metropolis.

Novello's Musical Library.

The Organ and its Construction; a systematic Handbook for Organists and Organ-builders, &c. Translated from the German of J. J. SEIDEL, organist at Breslau.

The object of this work, as expressed in the preface, is, it seems to us, but quite indifferently attained. The author says:

* The design of the book is two-fold:—1. To acquaint organists, etc., with the mechanism of the Organ, and to enable them thereby to discover and remedy any little faults that may arise; to prevent greater ones; to give due information to the respective authorities in case of a repair being necessary, and to keep the instrument in good condition.—2. To warn those who undertake the erection of an Organ against errors, and to furnish those who superintend such an undertaking with the requisite knowledge. How far the author has succeeded in this, he leaves to competent judges to decide.

The short history of the Organ is very short and very meagre. The description of the construction of the instrument is of organs of German manufacture only, and these are so unlike the American instruments, that a novice would not gather much information from this work. Organists who live at a distance from manufactories, however, may learn something useful from it, and may find it of some service. The book is also designed for the use of organ builders, but for such persons it is entirely too meagre and superficial. An ingenious carpenter, or a misguided plumber smitten by an ambition to build an organ, (and some of our builders are no better than such) might, perhaps, get some glimmering of an idea how the thing could be accomplished from the plates and text of this book; but we can hardly imagine that any well educated builder could derive much information from it. The methods of construction described are old-fashioned and ante-diluvian, and we are sure that no Yankee need look to Germany for anything new in the department of ingenious mechanical contrivance.

Fine Arts.

The ATHENEUM GALLERY is open again for the season. We have not yet visited it and have not heard of any novel feature of the collection. We understand, however, that a room will be set apart this year for the exhibition of the works of our Boston artists, where they may be seen by themselves. The Bonaparte pictures which were added to the gallery in the last season, and attracted much attention, still form a part of the Athenæum collection.

At FREDERIC PARKER's, in Cornhill, *The April*

Shower has been for some time on exhibition. This picture represents a group (life size) of three young ladies, escaping from a sudden shower from which they are inadequately protected by a single umbrella. The subject is a trivial one, but the picture has very considerable merits of drawing and coloring and is well worth a visit. In the same room is a winter landscape of CHAMPNEY, which fairly divides the attention of visitors with Mr. HALL's April Shower, and is to our mind a much more interesting picture. It is a view of Mt. Washington from North Conway, which, often as it has been treated by our artists, we do not ever recollect to have seen before represented in its mid-winter grandeur. The frozen stream in the foreground, with its banks covered deep with snow, the tall bare elms standing out naked against the sky, contrast finely with the darker middle ground of pine covered hills, and the grand mountain glowing in the distance, in the rosy light of a winter sunrise. Mr. Champney has in hand, we hear, a companion to this picture, giving the Summer scene from the same point of view.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

MR. SATTER performs for the last time, we believe, at the Musical Fund Society's Concert, and those of our readers who have not yet heard him play should not lose this last opportunity. He will perform BEETHOVEN's grand Concerto in E flat, with full orchestral accompaniments by the Society.

MR. E. BRUCE's Concert at the Tremont Temple, on Thursday evening, was attended by a large audience, and gave much satisfaction. Haydn's Mass in D was performed by a large chorus, with organ accompaniment by Mr. J. H. WILCOX.

THE DORCHESTER MUSICAL ASSOCIATION last week gave a very excellent concert in presence of a large audience. The pieces were mostly selections from the standard oratorios, rendered by a chorus of amateurs, under the direction of Mr. CHARLES ANSGORE, who is exerting himself with good effect in creating a taste in Dorchester for really good music. We learn that other concerts of a similar character are to follow.

THE CAMBRIDGE MUSICAL ASSOCIATION gave a second Concert on Thursday evening at the Athenæum. Haydn's Sixteenth Mass was the principal feature of the Concert. Some choruses by the Society, together with some four part songs of MENDELSSOHN, made up the remainder of the programme, with an Allegretto and Minuetto by Haydn, and other pieces by an amateur orchestra.

It is truly refreshing to see our amateur musical associations giving their audiences on their programmes such music as the Masses of Haydn and Mozart. These compositions are entirely within the means of such societies, and there can be no surer way of developing a sound taste for what is really good and great in the Art, than to make people familiar with such works as these. A chorus of forty or fifty voices, such as we heard at Cambridge, is large enough to give such music with all proper effect, and we venture to say, that in any chorus of such a number there will be found voices equal to a sufficiently satisfactory rendering of the solos, in most cases. Some, indeed, such as the solos of Mozart's Masses, demand voices of a somewhat extended compass and tax the resources of the amateur singer not a little; but, in the present state of musical cultivation, are by no means impracticable. At the concert referred to, the female voices were quite up to the requirements of the score, and gave the music with spirit and expression. The love of this music increases immensely with increased familiarity. The same composition should be heard repeatedly, till the hearer takes in and really understands the solemn religious character of the text, and thus is led to appreciate the fitness and take in the full effect of the music that is the medium in which the tremendous import of the words is to find a voice. When the hearer

has come to this point of cultivation and attained this familiarity, (which he can do, nor will it take long,) he will find nothing in the whole range of Art more moving, more deeply penetrating the soul than this sublime service of the Roman Catholic Church. There is more religion in one good Mass than in a dozen dull sermons. There is no word that is not full of the highest religious sentiment,—and no tone that does not give point to the written word and carry it right straight to the heart.

The field opened to such associations to select from, is almost boundless, and we hope to see many gleaners in this harvest. "Haydn's Symphonies," says the *London Musical World*, "are just the thing for Amateurs. Fine and spirited music, without being difficult, full of variety and masterly elaboration, together with a general clearness and simplicity of style, that place them within the reach of universal appreciation—nothing can be better suited to bring up gentlemen-excutants in the way they should go." The Cambridge Association (from conductor down) is strictly amateur, and we can therefore only speak in general commendation of its performance, which both in the vocal and instrumental departments, was a most satisfactory specimen of home-made music.

PROVIDENCE.—A friend (he is every body's friend) writes us from this city: "We have two musical men here, AHNER and WEISE, late of the Germanians, and there is some spasmodic musical enthusiasm." With any ex-Germanians we cannot but feel sure that the Providence enthusiasm will become chronic and be something better than spasmodic or intermittent.

A NEW ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY.—On the 30th April there will be a new Italian Opera Company at Niblo's. From the prospectus of the management we make the following extract:

"In conclusion, the Managers beg to say that they do not anticipate a full house on the opening night of the season, for experience has unfortunately shown, that without having recourse to, or bowing before the omnipotence of 'puffing,' no matter how exalted the rank of the artist, and unsurpassed as may be the talent which gave that rank, not a little of what may be termed 'out-door influence' is required to awaken the curiosity of 'the masses.' Owing to the suddenness of her engagement, Madame de Lagrange cannot have the benefit of this out-door influence, which consists of preparing the way by means of advertisements, portraits, critical notices, 'biographical sketches, early and continuous announcements through the medium of the press, &c., during the space of an entire year, and sometimes more, prior to the advent of the artist, as was the case with Jenny Lind, Madame Sontag, Madame Grisi, Signor Mario, &c. But the managers are prepared for, and fully rely upon the attendance of one of the largest audiences that has ever been collected in this country, on the second night of Madame de Lagrange's appearance, when the public will find in this cantatrice the *ne plus ultra* of modern vocalization—a singer equally great on the stage and in the concert-room—in the florid music of the Rossinian school, the passionate bursts of Meyerbeer, the tender melancholy of Bellini, and the classic simplicity of Mozart or Beethoven; and, withal, a woman of such distinguished appearance and lady-like demeanor, that she not only will compel the admiration of the public, but is sure to enlist their unanimous sympathies. And this the managers say, without the slightest fear of the disastrous result which would be the inevitable consequence, if the *debut* of Madame de Lagrange shall fall below the great expectations they boldly and unhesitatingly call upon the public to entertain."

PHILADELPHIA.—We take the following from the *City Item*—

PROF. CROUCH, (formerly of Portland, Me.) gave another Musical Entertainment at the Assembly Buildings, on Tuesday evening. We were pleased to notice a large and discriminating auditory in attendance. The entertainment was extremely delightful. Mr. Crouch is one of the finest ballad-singers living, and his execution of several familiar airs charmed all present. Mr. C. will give another entertainment on Tuesday evening next.

HARMONIA SACRED MUSIC SOCIETY.—The Thursday evening rehearsals of this popular society are now exclusively devoted to the preparation of the chorus parts of the new Oratorio, called 'The Cities of the Plain,' by Frank Darley, which will shortly be produced with the care and accuracy peculiar to the Harmonia. This great novelty has wisely been deferred until the close of the season, so that the interest felt in the association may be sustained, and its final concert leave a pleasing impression upon the minds of those able to attend. Among the performers will be Professors Bishop and Crouch, several favorite soloists, whose names are withheld, but whose voices are agreeably familiar, the large chorus of the society, and a full choir of boys, which will be something quite new to a Philadelphia audience.

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Tickets, 50 cents each, may be obtained at the usual places.

Doors open at 7—Performance to commence at 7½ o'clock.

N. B.—On account of severe losses this season, it has been found impossible to give the three remaining Concerts of the season. Subscribers are therefore requested to use their remaining tickets at this Concert.

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REFERENCES:—Mrs. C. W. Loring, 33 Mt. Vernon St.

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Feb. 13.

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